



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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### POPULAR TALES.

From the Saturday Courier.

#### THE YOUNG PHYSICIAN.

Nearly forty years since, a lad, apparently about fourteen, coarsely dressed, but with a fine face and figure was entered as a pupil at one of the schools of Philadelphia. He was called Edward Smith, and it was known that he was the son of a poor widow, who procured a livelihood by the humblest occupations. He was, of course, subjected at once to general neglect, and occasional insolence. The arrogance of wealth, that overbearing superiority, with which the *poor* are looked down upon from the mighty elevation, created by a few splendid baubles, is far from being confined to matured existence. That perfection of moral beauty so naturally ascribed to childhood, that brightness of the young spirit, so cherubic, so shadowless, with which we are wont to invest the fresh and frolic beings, around whom the ineffable glory of new life is yet thrown—alas! it is only a dream! With his first perception of wearing a better garb or possessing higher privileges, the veriest urchin will lord it over his fellow, and taunt him with his humbler condition. Poor Edward was for some time almost utterly disregarded. Even the teacher evinced little care in the progress of one so nameless, yet there was much about the boy to excite interest. Scarcely advanced beyond the simplest rudiments of science, already attained by the youngest of his schoolmates, his scanty acquirements were frequently made their sport, yet he went through his mortifying exercises with a voice that never faltered, and, but for the sudden crimson of his naturally pale cheek, and the momentary contraction of a brow, singularly elevated and serene, one might have thought him unconscious of the sneer his blunders excited; nor was he to remain long in the vestibule of science. With a thirst of knowledge that required no extraneous support, a spirit self-sustained, and a native brilliance of mind that pierced the darkness before him like a stream of light, he

went steadily and rapidly forward, and ere his progress was noted, he was already at the side of those whom he had at first beheld at so appalling a distance. Startled at finding themselves thus suddenly outstripped, their manner towards him was now marked with a sentiment of bitterness, and their wonted neglect gave place to perpetual contumely and derision.

No longer suffered, as formerly, at their hours of relaxation to remain forgotten and alone, his studies were now continually broken in upon, by scoffs and mockery. Through all this, however, the patient boy maintained the most inflexible silence.

The grossest insult provoked no reply, and except that his clear hazel eye was sometimes lifted from the page he was scanning, and fastening on his tormentors for an almost imperceptible space, with an expression of deep scorn, his countenance retained the coldest immobility.—Among those to whom wealth and family gave the prerogative of insolence, there was, however, *one*, a wild and reckless boy, who uniformly forbore to add to the wrongs thus heaped upon Edward. Careless of his own improvement, though gifted with unusual talent, amenable to no control, and acknowledged as the very spirit of mischief and idle frolic, there was a redeeming wealth in his character, an intense ardour breaking out, at times, in the pursuit of higher objects, and a richness of pure feeling, gushing like frequent and bright fountains along his erring and uncertain path, that elevated Charles Delancy far above his associates. He would have no scruples in making the heir of a throne the subject of his malice, but the child of penury was exempt from its assessment, and though the extreme dissimilarity of their habits prevented him from coming often in contact with the thoughtful and correct Edward, still he had noted the manner in which the unoffending boy was borne down by his class-mates.

‘For shame, boys, desist,’ he one day exclaimed, after listening some moments to the unprovoked taunts of a group, gathered around

Edward; 'is it generous thus to make *one* the target of all your spleen?' 'Bravo!' they replied, 'this is right Charles let the poor boy have a champion, since he has not spirit to defend himself.' 'Time like *his*,' answered Charles, emphatically, 'would be badly sacrificed in noticing your vile wit, but by heavens!' he added, throwing himself into a threatening attitude, while his slender, though handsome proportions, seemed absolutely dilated and instinct with the energy of his feelings, 'the first one who dares insult him again, in my hearing, shall receive a tangible reply.'—The sudden entrance of the teacher prevented further collision, but the threat was not disregarded.

Charles possessed an unlimited influence over his associates; perhaps it was the natural ascendancy of a daring spirit—perhaps it was owing to the high standing and opulence of his family. No matter, his support operated at once, not merely as a defence to Edward, but as a claim to that respect, which the deep interest of his own character had failed to elicit. The hitherto isolated boy was now scrupulously called upon to join in their various schemes of amusement. If, however, they had vainly striven to provoke him to a retort of malice, their civilities were received with equal coldness.

Even the gay and friendly challenge of Charles to his favourite games, called forth only a decisive, though gentle refusal. 'He has no heart, after all,' thought the disappointed Delancy, and the interest recently awakened in his behalf was soon merged in far different objects. Edward was again permitted to continue his solitary way unmolested, and apparently wholly absorbed in the pursuit of science, he seemed to have forgotten that aught of kindness had passed between them.

Entering school one morning somewhat earlier than usual, he beheld his teacher standing in an attitude of concentrated rage. 'Do you know aught of this,' he inquired in a terrible tone, pointing to a huge caricature of himself, which was appended to his chair. The quick eye of the boy glanced over it with an expression of astonishment, that could not be feigned, and answering in the negative, he passed quietly on to his seat. The inquiry was repeated to all as they severally entered, but all were alike ignorant. The astounded pedagogue paced the floor with an agitation he strove vainly to suppress. He was a pedantic and narrow-minded man, with strongly marked peculiarities, and while the caricaturist had carefully preserved the fidelity of the picture, he had thrown *these* into the broadest relief; giving to the whole a depressed, yet still faithful colouring of the ridiculous, which the significant glances, and smothered laughter of the school most mortifyingly attested. Edward alone had composedly resumed his studies, and was evidently unconscious of aught that was passing around him. Meantime a

richly ornamented case, which he had laid beside him, was picked up by a young idler at his elbow, who began very unceremoniously to examine its contents. They consisted of paints and pencils, with some broken scraps of a sketch, evidently intended for the caricature in question.—They caught the eye of the teacher, and snatching them from the boy, he demanded whose they were. 'Edward's,' was the reply, and ere the unfortunate lad comprehended the cause of his sudden implication, he was hurled from his seat with a grasp of iron. 'So!' exclaimed the pedagogue in a burst of uncontrollable rage, 'you have betrayed yourself finely. What have you to say now sir?—will that face of sanctity controvert these proofs?'

'That case,' replied Edward mildly, yet with firmness, 'is not mine, it came into my hands by a mere accident.'

'And whose then is it?' The boy was silent. 'Answer me,' exclaimed the infuriated teacher, 'or do you not know,' he added with a bitter sneer, fastening his implacable eye on the boy's face.

Edward still remained silent. There was an expression of perplexity upon his usually calm and settled features—a struggle almost legible as if the love of truth were strongly combated by some other sentiment equally prevailing. But whatever was the source of this embarrassment he threw it from him suddenly and stood like one freed at once from a vile shackle. The shadow of uneasy thought passed from his fine brow like a momentary cloud, and lifting his quiet, yet determined eye to that of his teacher, he replied, 'if I do know, I will not betray him.'

'Umph! I thought as much—quite a chivalrous resolve, but, sir, you must either discover the offender, or yourself receive the punishment not merely due to so shameful a connivance, but to the offence itself.'

'I submit,' said Edward, 'to whatever you may please to inflict, but as I am innocent of any connivance, so I shall remain of exposing another.'

'We will see,' replied the teacher, evidently but too well pleased that he could make an example of one of so low a caste, and deliberately trying the flexion of the rod, he held as the sceptre of his authority. The deep and sudden flush, which mantled the cheek of Edward, as the threatened blow impended over him, told that he felt the degradation of the punishment; but he shrunk not, moved not, nor did a muscle evince the slightest susceptibility of pain, though blow after blow was given with no ordinary force.

Meanwhile Charles had not remained an unmoved spectator of the scene. His usually gay and careless features assumed an expression of intense interest, his laughing blue eye darkened with some deep and troubled feeling, while it was alternately fastened on the teacher and the culprit, and the veins in his fair fore-



head swelled and receded as with some strong, contending emotion. Twice had he risen with a flushed brow, and his lips parted as if to speak, and again had he settled down and covered his burning face with his hands.

At the sound of the first blow, which fell on the unshrinking form of Edward he sprang unhesitatingly, almost wildly forward. 'Stay,' he exclaimed, in a voice choked with emotion, 'Stay, sir, for heaven's sake!' he repeated in a firmer voice, finding that he was not regarded: 'Edward Smith is not guilty, that case is mine; he picked it up this very morning as he passed me on his way hither, while I was playing at ball. He called me to take it, but I would not stop my game. I should have confessed it sooner, but indeed, sir, I did not think you would punish him for not turning informer.' The pedagogue stood almost transfixed by an explanation so unwelcome as well as unexpected.

Charles had long been a privileged favorite, and it was certainly no pleasant task to inflict personal chastisement upon the only son of a wealthy and distinguished patron. The boys were confusedly remanded to their seats, and time was taken to decide upon the punishment proper for the acknowledged offender. It matters nothing to our tale what was the result of this sage deliberation; whatever it might have been, it would have still weighed lightly on a spirit elastic as that of Charles, but the preceding scene had awakened feelings that were not likely again to slumber. 'How unjust I have been to him,' he almost audibly articulated, as he fixed his earnest gaze upon the serious, but tranquil countenance of the unconscious Edward, from whose flushed features, as he silently resumed his books, the heightened colour at once faded, 'through all his reserve, I might have surely seen that he had a heart. But his shyness shall avail him no longer,' thought Charles, his eye kindling as he mused with an animation but in poor keeping with the situation of a culprit awaiting sentence. 'He shall forget the inequality which has produced his seeming coldness. I have formerly won his gratitude—he *shall* yet give me his friendship.' And the resolution of Charles was eventually effected; for the enthusiasm with which it was formed had a holier and deeper fount than the mere overflowing of an ardent temperament, and notwithstanding the volatility of his nature, he pursued this one object with a steadiness of purpose of which he had hitherto seemed incapable. Instead of seeking to draw the still retiring Edward into his own gay pursuits, Charles now relinquished them to claim a share in those of the obscure scholar; and the reserve, which a delicacy of pride, rendered almost morbid by penury, had created in the manner of Edward, and which the obligation of a moment was insufficient to dissipate, gradually wore away before a series of those insidious and nameless attentions that consist often merely in a word, a look, or a

movement; as the ice that has resisted many a bright gleam of sunshine passes quietly away under the influence of a uniformly softened temperature. Charles and Edward became friends in the most sacred sense of that frequently profaned name, and oh, how distinct did the former now find the intercourse of friendship from the adulatory fellowship of his former associates. What a new perception of enjoyment, pure, rich, ennobling, was poured upon the hitherto sealed and silent places of his young heart. How deep too—how fathomless, now that their spring had at last been touched, did he find the affections of the quiet and repellant Edward. Accustomed as the poor boy had been, to loneliness and neglect, however strongly he had nerved himself to meet them, the attachment of Charles had come over his chilled and secluded spirit like a flood of sunshine, warm and bright, and cheerily, and all the gentler feelings of his nature sprung forth to meet it.

The time came when they were to be school-fellows no longer. The mother of Edward could ill support the expense of his schooling, and he returned to those humbler occupations in which he had been reared. But Charles was not thus to relinquish the society of his friend—he sought out his obscure dwelling, and found many an hour to spend beneath its roof.

'You must come home with me, and see my library,' he one day said to Edward, and this solicitation was repeated till the scruples of the other were finally overcome.

'Mother,' said Charles, addressing a lady who was the only occupant of the splendidly furnished room, into which he ushered his shrinking companion, 'This is Edward Smith.' He spoke in a tone that seemed to imply she was already familiar with the name, and the sudden smile of even maternal welcome, which irradiated the features of the matron, as she raised her soft eye to the young stranger, evidenced that she received him as the *friend* of her son. Seating him beside her, she at once led with the instinctive tact of a benevolent and elevated mind, to those subjects of remark that were calculated to lure him into confidence and freedom.

Encouraged by the kindness of her manner, as well as beguiled by the expression of a countenance, which, though chastened with the impress of a meek and gentle spirit, strongly resembled that of his friend, the restraint which a scene so new naturally imposed upon Edward, was soon dissipated, and it required but little discernment to discover in his replies, brief as they were, a high tone of thought and feeling, according strangely with the lowliness of his condition. On Mrs. Delancy, who had been led by her son to take a deep interest in his character, not a word, not a look was now lost, and a glance of affectionate approval soon told the watchful Charles that she was satisfied. The growing intimacy of the social trio was at length interrupted by the entrance of Mr.

Delancy, whose haughty aspect seemed to throw a chill, almost tangible, upon the feelings of the whole party. Edward shrunk instinctively from the glance flung coldly over himself, and felt relieved when Charles, without presenting him, drew him from the room, and led him to his library. There, indeed, he soon forgot every sensation, save that of pleasure, unless perhaps some little taint of envy might have mingled with his better feelings, in witnessing the literary privileges of his friend. To him whose young life had been shut out from almost every species of that literary ailment, for which he had hungered with an unwasting and feverish desire, the volumes that laid piled before him seemed a mine of intellectual wealth, where the mind might hold a perpetual revel.

'I hope we shall see you here often,' said a gentle voice, as the declining day at length reminded him of his home, and lifting his eyes, he beheld Mrs. Delancy. She had stood long at the door of the apartment, watching the high flashes of awakened intellect that passed over the features of the entranced boy, who was poring over a volume of Shakespeare, and to whose rapt spirit the living page seemed like the audible voice of inspiration.

'Let us see you often,' she repeated, 'you shall have free access to Charles's library—you are fond of books, and will better improve the privilege than my idle boy,' and she flung a glance of mingled reproof and tenderness upon the laughing subject of her remark, who having stretched himself at length, while Edward read, had whiled away the hours with schemes of visionary mischief. 'You will remember too,' she added, 'that I have something of self interest in your compliance—your example will, I trust, incite Charles to emulation.'

Thus encouraged, Edward returned to his poor abode with a new incentive to exertion. His diligence in the pursuit of his ordinary labors was now redoubled, that he might filch from each week a few hours of leisure. These were spent in close reading in Charles's library, while in the still increasing kindness of Mrs. Delancy, as well as the friendship of her son, he found a solace for the sufferings and bitter humiliations, which a mind at once fettered and aspiring is fated to endure. His health, however, gradually gave way beneath intense exertion, and the hectic glow on his cheek was remarked with painful solicitude by Mrs. Delancy, who was early aware that his delicate frame was unequal to the toil, to which penury subjected him; yet he was not one to whom pecuniary assistance might be tendered—the mere profler of any of the little elegancies in which Charles was so profusely indulged, was sufficient to awaken him to the most vivid sense of the inequality which at other times he seems to have forgotten.

'We must contrive some occupation for him in our own household,' said Mrs. Delancy, and Charles caught at the idea with the most ani-

mated delight. His ready faculties furnished an immediate pretence for the employment of his friend, and Edward was soon established beneath the same roof. The services allotted to him were of a light nature, while the reward he was to receive afforded a covering to that liberality from which he would have recoiled.

Accustomed as was Mr. Delancy to regard his domestics with no other interest than their avocations created, he would have taken little note of the boy but for the palpable attachment existing between him and his son.

'You seem,' he said, 'to have contracted a great intimacy with this Edward, whom you were so anxious I should employ, and even you, Emily, appear to sanction it.'

'My dear father,' replied Charles, 'Edward Smith, though poor, is not low—he is, indeed, amply qualified for a far more respectable employment.'

'And pray, how are you so *amply* qualified to judge of his character?'

'Oh, because—because he is almost every thing that I am not.'

'A pretty correct criterion of worth, I allow,' replied Mr. Delancy; 'but in one thing he certainly resembles you—he seems to have forgotten who are his proper associates.'

'But,' said Mrs. Delancy, 'this poor boy does not presume upon our notice—humble as he is, Charles has been under some obligations to him, and therefore—'

'Give him money then, but let Charles withdraw his improper familiarity, or expect him to be immediately dismissed.'

'What an aristocrat my father is,' said the son mentally. 'Though himself a pillar in our far famed republic, he no more believes that all men were created equal than the veriest despot living. True, he is liberal in his charities, but he should read the story of the poor monk, whose gratitude was so much more excited by the acceptance of his proffered pinch of snuff than by the alms thrown into his box at the same moment.'

Thus musing, Charles was little disposed to yield implicit obedience, and even his meek complying mother, anxious as she had ever been to enforce the attention of her wayward boy to the slightest wish of her husband, now remained silent. Her own manner towards Edward continued unchanged, and if that of Charles was occasionally restricted in the immediate presence of his father, it was marked at other times with yet increased kindness.

'Alas, my mother,' he exclaimed, as he bent his steps one evening to her dwelling, 'how little you dream of the wretchedness of your child.—You are rejoicing in my advancement, you believe it secured by the friendship of the high and the wealthy. Your meek spirit cannot comprehend the bitterness of such a dependency, or that it is in effect the same as *his*, who waits the crumbs of the table.' Thus indulging a train of troubled thought, he reached the door of the humble habitation, and the



unquiet tone of his mind at once gave place to the thrilling anticipation of his mother's joyous welcome. He paused but no greeting awaited him—he listened—a low moan struck his ear, in place of the busy step that was wont to meet him, and upon entering he found his affectionate parent lying in the delirious agonies of a raging fever. As he approached her, she sprang forward with a momentary and glad recognition, and then falling back she raved with the wildest incoherence. Edward had that day heard some mention of a pestilential fever which had made its appearance in the city, and he saw at once that his mother was stricken with its power. He ran forth wildly for medical help, but it was with extreme difficulty he procured it, the faculty were already engaged in every direction of the rapidly sickening city. On returning to the bedside of his suffering parent, he watched the countenance of the Physician who accompanied him, with a wordless agony of interest, but it afforded him no encouragement, and taking his station at her pillow, he kept a dreadful vigil through the night.

On the morrow his return was anxiously expected by Mrs. Delancy and Charles, but the day wore away, and he did not appear. While they were wondering what had detained him, Mr. Delancy entered with the startling order that preparations should be immediately made for leaving the city. 'The yellow fever,' he added, 'is making frightful progress—hearses are moving in every direction. Use all the despatch possible—let no one remain idle.'

'Let me go then, and seek Edward!' exclaimed Charles in breathless perturbation, 'perhaps it is illness even now detains him.'

'Are you mad?' said his father, 'thus to go in search of the contagion?—Go rash boy, and assist the family in hastening from this tainted atmosphere.'

It was not a moment for disobedience, but while the agitated boy silently acquiesced, he threw many an anxious glance towards the street, in the vain hope that his friend would yet arrive. He came not, and they were but too soon ready for departure. The tearful eye of Charles, as they were driven rapidly away, remained fixed upon the devoted spot till the tallest spires were lost in distance. While his mother, shrinking back from observation, silently commended the deserted Edward to the protection of *Him* who had bidden the pestilence go forth.

The long Carnival of Death was at length completed. The breath of winter passed with purifying influence over the city, and the scattered survivors were again thronging back to their respective habitations. The Delancys had returned, and Charles was impatiently but vainly seeking some trace of his friend. The dwelling of Mrs. Smith had another occupant—all indeed was changed, and no clue was left by which to trace the fate of the living or the dead. A feeling of melancholy interest in

the fate of the thousands who had been swept away, led Mrs. Delancy one evening, accompanied by her son, to the public burying ground. Appalled by their numbers, she, amid the sleeping multitude, was filled with a new and shuddering conviction of the frail tenure of life. How short a time since the tenants of these new made graves were a breathing and busy throng.

'And Edward, too!' she exclaimed, as her mind adverted to the moment of her leaving the city, 'Edward has probably found a home here.'

As she spoke a boy whom she had not noticed rose from among the tombs and slowly past them.

'It is one whom death has probably left desolate,' thought Mrs. Delancy, and she gazed at his spectral figure with a mournful interest.—'But is it not possible,' she continued, turning with a sudden thought to her son, 'that this poor lad may tell us of Edward's fate! Boys of a similar age are more likely to be known to each other than to men.'

Charles caught at the hope. 'Say?' he eagerly demanded of the retreating figure, 'can you tell us aught of a lad named Edward Smith?'

'I am called Ned Smith,' answered the boy, in a hollow voice, 'what would you have with me.'

'Pardon me,' said Charles, looking intently at the speaker, whose yellow and matted hair formed a strong contrast to the rich, dark locks that clustered round the brow of his friend, 'you are not he whom we seek.'

'You mean, perhaps,' said the other, supporting his wasted frame, which seemed sinking with weakness, against a monument, 'the son of the widow, once living on — alley? If so, you seek vainly—see you not how wide this silent city is extended?'

'Good Heaven! is he then dead?'

A slight convulsion had passed over the wan features of the boy as he spoke, and he now covered his face with his thin and yellow hands.—Charles flung himself on the earth and wept aloud, and Mrs. Delancy was herself too deeply affected to attempt consolation.

'You bear the same name,' she said at length, turning to her young informant, 'and are perhaps a relation. Can you tell us aught of his death or where he now lies?'

'Alas,' said the boy, a visible shudder pervading his whole frame, 'in yon smitten city who was there to watch over the dying or to follow the dead.'

'And his mother?'

'Her labors are finished,' was the reply, and the boy again covering his ghastly face with his locked fingers, turned abruptly away.

There was a melancholy wildness in his manner, apparently the effect of recent suffering, and Mrs. Delancy looked at him with increased compassion. His thin and tattered garments were illy calculated to shield him from the inclemency of the weather, and his sallow cheek had been evidently touched by disease—perhaps famine!

'Poor child,' she said, extending towards him a handful of money, 'receive this for the sake of the other Edward, whom we dearly loved.'

The boy snatched it with avidity, and pressed it to his bloodless and convulsed lips.

'The Edward you mean was proud,' he exclaimed, with a bitter smile, 'but he knew not the agony of strong need.'

Then gazing for a moment with a kind of wild interest at the still prostrate Charles, and murmuring a brief and half-inarticulate blessing, he darted away with a new and preternatural strength.

It was long ere Charles recovered from the shock sustained in the death of his friend; but time carries healing as well as blight in its course, and his free laugh was at last again heard amid the frolic scenes of youthful merriment.—But, though restored to gaiety, those fine and exquisite chords which his intercourse with Edward awakened had ceased to vibrate. Among the associates of subsequent years, there was no one, with skill to call forth their hallowed gushings. The common intercourse of life but tends to corrupt or impede the better feelings of the heart as the foot of the hasty traveller throws mire and dirt into those fountains which are dug from the rock and guided through pure channels by a careful and interested hand. At the age of twenty-three the character of Charles Delancy had lost much of its earlier brightness. The generosity of his nature—his noble frankness—his deep scorn of all that was palpably base, remained the same; but its more delicate shades of moral worth were obscured if not effaced by the contact of depravity. Hurried on by the dangerous excitement of a constitutional ardour, Charles had pursued the career of fashionable folly till he had reached that point so immediately verging on the precipice of guilt, that it was scarcely possible for him to recede. He had become associated with a club of profligate young men, from whom he was hourly imbibing the subtle poison of infidelity, while in their contaminating example he was losing that nice perception of dishonour which, in despite of the recklessness of his boyhood, had then marked his career. His parents beheld with unutterable anguish the blight of those hopes which both in a different kind had cherished for their son.—Mrs. Delancy mourned that he had cast away the prerogative of a being allied to Deity. She saw decay and corruption gathering on an immortal plant, which she had received in high trust to prepare it for a holier sphere. Her husband grieved that the child of his pride had sullied the fair fame of his name, and forfeited that elevated place in society to which parental ambition had aspired. Remonstrance, however, avails little with him who, having embraced vice under the alluring name of pleasure, has learned to regard the code of a sterner morality as the mere dictates of a bigoted and superstitious mind.

(Concluded in our next.)

## MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Rural Repository.

### REGRETS.

The ever active mind of man is always busy in portraying bright and lively scenes, which are expected to be enjoyed, and is rather delighted to look forward with the baseless expectation of unalloyed enjoyment, than to reap sound and wholesome instruction by recurring to past actions—actions, perhaps, which are characterized by folly and error, and which should be remembered but to prevent their repetition, but which, as they bring keen and painful regrets, are generally as much as possible crowded from memory in the giddy whirl of thoughtless merriment, or by a committal of others more gross and unpardonable. But periods will occur in every person's life, in which the mind will travel back 'o'er days departed' and recollection, with cutting emotions, will restore to view the enactment of scenes which we blush to remember, and which cause the most bitter pangs of regret. But how unavailing, how nugatory are regrets! If we have performed an action in the heedless hour of headlong folly, which sober reason shall tell us is amiss, and which an outraged conscience may pronounce to the soul in a language keener than a two-edged sword to be unchristian and unfeeling, how fruitless are regrets! Can the deed be undone?—certainly not. Can we be forgiven the commission of it? We *may* be forgiven, but the sting of regret will not cease here—it will continually harrow up the sensibilities of the heart—and though forgiven it may have inflicted a wound which will ever rankle there.

There is another situation in which regrets are attended with tenfold aggravation. A person may at sometime have wantonly and treacherously injured a friend—him too who was not only nominally so, but 'ab imo pectore' devotedly his friend. By his perfidiousness the cold clods of the valley may prematurely have pressed upon the guileless bosom of that friend—who dying, nevertheless, may have added as a reward for his perfidy the boon of a forgiveness. How will this touch to the quick the sensibilities of the treacherous friend! He may now sigh out his life in ceaseless but useless regrets, and wish devoutly the deed undone. But such wishes and regrets can effect, can alter nothing—the stings of a guilty conscience cannot cease to goad him. In his moments of serious but painful reflections, what would probably be his thoughts? He might thus say to himself:—

To me the recollections of the past are as so many scorpions continually harassing me with sorrow and remorse. Chained, like Prometheus to the rock, to this dull being, regrets, the most deep-felt regrets, are eternally preying upon me. Though in the social circle, I can often forget my miseries and sport with



the gay and laugh with the thoughtless—yet how base, how unsubstantial such enjoyment. The hour of frivolity ended, solitude finds me the same wretched being, the victim of impotent regrets. My ingratitude has broken the heart of a friend, and consigned him to the tomb. That hand which was always extended in friendship—that heart which always overflowed with sympathy and tenderness—those lips, with whose accents were ever blended kindness and humanity, are now all congealed by the gelid frosts of death. Yet ere the lamp of life went out, and death, had set his seal upon that manly brow, my pardon was pronounced—O, how that expression daggered my very soul! How, have I been tortured to think of my unfeeling barbarity! I will now mourn over my misfortunes, and while life remains to me, can but regret my misguided actions. And now, I who, am taught in the school of experience, would seriously and earnestly warn all to beware of the rock on which I have made shipwreck of all my happiness. Review from time to time, with an impartial and rigid scrutiny your past conduct, that you may be enabled to correct the future actions of your lives—and that you may be spared the pangs and excruciating tortures of unavailing regrets.

OSMAR.

A young nobleman, not remarkable for punctuality in the payment of his bills, once called upon a lady in an elegant new phaeton, and at parting begged she would come to the door just to look at it. 'Tis very pretty, (said he) and I have it on a new plan,' 'Before I set my eyes on it, my lord, (said she) I am afraid you have it on the old plan—never to pay for it.'

A blind fiddler in crossing a violent stream of water lost his fiddle and narrowly escaped from being drowned. While he was lamenting the loss he had sustained, a bye stander sympathised with him, by saying he pitied his case. 'Oh! it's not the case,' replied scrape 'tis the fiddle I want.'

When the celebrated Chevalier Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote about the choice of a motto. What are your arms? says the wit. Three mallards, cried the doctor. Very good, says Foote, why then the motto I would recommend to you is, Quack! Quack! Quack!

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1832.

*The Collegian.*—The first number of a little paper bearing this title has been issued, at Williams College, by Sampson Leather-coat (whether a far off cousin of the famous Leather-stocking, or Natty Bumpo of Cooper, and as great an original in his way, gentle reader, we know not) and Diedrich Van Tromp, a worthy and highly gifted descendant, no doubt, of the identical Van Tromp of whom mention is made in the 'Fort Braddock Letters,' published in the beginning of our present vol-

ume, or some other Van Tromp of equally happy memory. As for the work itself, its origin and character may be briefly and perchance truly set forth in the editor's own words:—'Our publication has sprung from our own prolific brain, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, finished and complete. We defy the world to point out a defect.' Being thus pronounced perfect by one so well qualified to judge of its merits, it is of course impervious to criticism. We will just observe, that the columns of the *Collegian* are wholly filled with original matter, the principal part of which, consists of a poem and tale purporting to be taken from the 'Diary of a Collegian.' The poem bears some resemblance to one by N. P. Willis, addressed to Miss Polly Dolly Lowe or Stowe, or some such name, and, (as we happen to be in the mood of tracing resemblances and fancying relationships, haply where scarce a trace of semblance is, no drop of kindred blood doth run) Miss Matilda Van Sposh, the heroine, of the tale strongly favors Miss Albina McLush, one of Willis's heroines: we are positive the ladies must be as near related at least as first cousins.—The *Collegian* is to be published at irregular intervals of from one week to six months, at six cents per number.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have still remaining on hand, unpublished, about thirty pieces offered as candidates for the prizes; which, distrusting our own judgment and wishing to do justice to their authors we have entrusted to the care of a literary gentleman, in whose judgment we have the utmost confidence, for examination. As soon as they are returned, we shall endeavour, with the assistance of his opinion, to make a separation between the good and the bad, and to prevent farther suspense on the part of the authors, present a list of such as shall be deemed worthy of publication.

The 'Confessions of a Bachelor' is under consideration; if published, it will need some correction, which we have not time to attend to at present. Communications, to ensure immediate attention, should be written in a legible hand, pointed, &c. ready for the press.

The third number of MSS. came to hand too late for this number—our paper being ready for the press, when it was received.

### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending April 18th.

C. Wilder, & J. Bennett, jun. Loominster, Ms. \$2; R. Brown, Coxsackie, N. Y. \$1; J. D. Tripp, De Ruyter, N. Y. \$1; R. Stroug, Schenectady, N. Y. \$1; H. Seeley, New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1; H. Strickland, P. M. East Otis, Ms. \$1.

### SUMMARY.

*Alum in Toothache.*—Dr. Kuhn asserts that alum, finely powdered, not only relieves the toothache, but arrests the progress of caries in the tooth. One or two grains are to be inserted in the cavity of the tooth, and be repeated when the pain returns. In a short time the pain will cease to recur, and the chemical action which constitutes the caries will cease.—*Lancet.*

Lewis's well known work, 'The Monk,' is about to be dramatically reproduced at the *Odéon*, under the title of *Ambrosio*. We hear it is from the pen of one of our most celebrated academicians.

A new work, with the singular title of *Bah!* will appear shortly; it is by a provincial young *litterateur* of great promise.

A Cincinnati editor apologises for the apparent antiquity of some of his articles; 'They were in type,' he says, 'before the flood.'

Capt. Chase of New-York, has obtained a patent for machinery to use anthracite coal in the generation of steam. The discovery is useful and economical.

*Noah Webster outdone.*—The emperor of China has published a new dictionary in 40 large volumes.

### MARRIED.

At New-York, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stilwell, Mr. John F. Bailey, formerly of Hudson, to Miss Eliza Nash, of Poughkeepsie. At New-York, Mr. William J. Finkham, of this city, to Miss Phoebe Cox, of the former place.

In Newburgh, Mr. John D. Spaulding, Jun. Editor of the *Newburgh Gazette*, to Miss Elizabeth L. Johnson, of that village.

### DIED.

At Poughkeepsie, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Lydia Coffin, wife of Alexander J. Coffin, of that place.

At Ansonitz, on the 31st ult. William Brainwell, son of the Rev. Elbert Osborn, aged about 2 years.

## POETRY.

From the Geneva Gazette.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT NIECE.

*Supposed to be written by her Mother.*

My blessed Child! thy lovely brow  
 Ne'er look'd more beautiful than now,  
 Each earthly trace and feeling gone,  
 Beloved of heaven, sleep on, sleep on.  
 Mellow'd and soft—the faint rose streak  
 Still lingers on thy pearly cheek,  
 Like colors on the morning's zone,  
 My half blown flower—sleep on, sleep on.  
 I fondly deem'd thy sun-bright eye,  
 Should light mine age, as years roll'd by—  
 Forget, my heart, how once it shone,  
 My shrouded star—sleep on, sleep on.  
 Sleep—and thy undeparted smile  
 Shall charm thy mother's griefs the while,  
 Thou hast no griefs—beloved one—  
 Seraph of peace—sleep on, sleep on.  
 Pillow'd upon thy sinless breast,  
 Thy little hands how still they rest—  
 But late so fondly round me thrown—  
 Away—sweet dream!—their touch is stone.  
 My tears fall on thee—wak'st thou not?  
 Ah! then thy Mother is forgot—  
 And thou art dead, my loved, mine own,  
 I cannot say—sleep on, sleep on.  
 Break, break my heart ere in the grave  
 O'er thy young form the grass shall wave—  
 Oh God—forgive a Mother's moan,  
 For her first—lost—and loveliest one! M. B.

## THE FREED BIRD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Return, return, my bird!  
 I have dressed thy cage with flowers,  
 'Tis lovely as a violet bank  
 In the heart of forest bowers.  
 'I am free, I am free,—I return no more!  
 The weary time of the cage is o'er!  
 Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,  
 The sky is around me—the blue bright sky!  
 'The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,  
 With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer,  
 I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—  
 I am free, I am free,—I return no more!'

Alas, alas, my bird!

Why seek'st thou to be free?

Wert thou not blest in thy little bower,  
 When thy song breathed nought but glee?

'Did my song of summer breath nought but glee?  
 Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee?  
 Oh! had'st thou known its deep meaning well,  
 It had tales of a burning heart to tell.

'From a dream of the forest that music sprang,  
 Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang;  
 And its dying fall when it soothed thee best,  
 Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest.'

Was it with thee thus, my bird?

Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright!

I have seen the glance of the sudden joy  
 In its quick and dewy light.

'It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,  
 With the soul of the wild wood, my native place!  
 With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—  
 Woo me not back—I return no more!

'My home is high, amidst rocking tress,  
 My kindred things are the star and breeze,  
 And the fount unchecked in its lonely play.  
 And the odors that wander afar—away!'

Farewell, farewell, thou bird!

I have called on spirits gone,

And it may be *they* joy like thee to part,

Like thee that wert all my own.

'If they were captives, and pined like me,  
 Though love might calm them, they joyed to be free;  
 They sprung from the earth with a burst of power,  
 To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour!

'Call them not back when the chain is riven,  
 When the way of the pinion is all through heaven,  
 Farewell!—With my song through the clouds I soar,  
 I pierce the blue skies—I am earth's no more!'

From Badger's Weekly Messenger.

## HEAVEN AND EARTH.

BY THE REV. J. N. MAFFITT.

Is earth the vale of woe  
 Where hope's rich clusters fail;  
 The field where sorrows grow  
 And blighting storms prevail?  
*Heaven* is the fount of light  
 Where rosy waves of love,  
 Kiss with their billows bright  
 All who arrive above.

Is earth a chequered maze  
 Like evanescent clouds,  
 That life's young morning haze  
 Wrapping the sun in shrouds?

In *Heaven* no clouds have been,  
 No change is feared or known;  
 An everlasting green  
 Is o'er its vallies thrown.

Is earth the spoiler's home,  
 Where sin's dark traces are;  
 Where cruel monsters roam,  
 And maddening passions war?

No sin high *Heaven* hath marred,  
 It glows with holy light,  
 With gems of glory sparred—  
 Perennial—calm—and bright.

Do death's black banners wave  
 On all the plains of earth;  
 Digs be a midnight grave,  
 For every human birth?

In *Heaven* his frosty breath,  
 Blights not a single flower;  
 Thy sting is lost, O death,  
 In glory's healing power.

## ENIGMAS.

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—It has a Bell-fast in it.

PUZZLE II.—Commerce.

## NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My first and my second a liquor compose,  
 That ne'er adds a pimple or bile to the nose;  
 My last is a treasure still at the command  
 Of the fortunate wight who has got the best hand,  
 From my whole fled Napoleon as swift as the wind;  
 Nor stopt to look back at old Blucher behind.

II.

Why is the letter W like a rainy Sunday?

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